

MAKING OF A MAN

By Z. A. CLAY.

SLEEP CALLED AN ILLUSION.

Gabriel d'Annunzio as a believer in the occult and a student of psychical phenomena is the new role wherein the poet is about to reveal himself to Paris in a book entitled "Aspects of the Unknown," the early publication of which is awaited with the liveliest interest by scientists and literary men alike. After many months of investigation, during which he has attended with leading scientists of the day numerous seances, at which the services of the best known mediums were invoked, d'Annunzio has arrived at the conclusion that man does not live an undivided individual life. Always by his side, he insists, is his double, magic being, working for him and prompting all his actions. "Man himself," the poet asserts, "does not require sleep, which is only an illusion. It is his invisible prompter that tires of performing for him those everyday actions which man attributes to his own personality. When man's mysterious partner requires rest, all he does is to remove from the mundane body something essential to man's weakness, whereupon sleep supervenes. The process is like that of the mechanic who, wishing to damage a piece of machinery, removes an essential part. Exactly what man's magic aid removes in order to send him to sleep I do not know, but I am convinced we shall discover in time."

Some people put a high estimate upon cold facts. We would say, "be aware of them, esteem only those facts that have life in them—facts that awaken the imagination, fancy, dreams and longings," says the Ohio State Journal. We hear the scientists making much ado about the facts they unfold, but not one of their facts do any good unless the heart takes them up and connects them with life. Every scientific fact introduces a mystery that the crucible and microscope cannot solve. Then the spirit comes in and gives these facts wings and flight, and they sing as they soar. One of the troubles with the world is, it insists upon tying itself down to cold facts; and yet, the sacred part of a fact is what is outside and beyond it. Man is an animal is a fact; but man is a spirit is a mystery that transcends the fact as infinity transcends the finite. You cannot dogmatize that mystery, but must hand it over to your dreams, your longings, your hopes and your loves, which are the moods and tenses of life. To think, for instance, we should put our final faith in a scientific revelation when we know such revelation has only increased the mystery, is quite absurd.

The craze for advertising coupons, stamps and novelties which has broken out in Germany has been termed "the latest children's disease." In every home where there is a boy or girl "Reklammarken album" may be found, in which the series of cards, stamps, etc., issued by various enterprises are arranged. "So seriously the youngsters take this collection business," says the Berlin Post, "that values have been established, and collectors and dealers meet daily at the Victoria-Luise Platz, where the trading is done. The prices fluctuate in keeping with supply and the group of little operators is a good miniature of the more pretentious exchange, where other printed papers represent fantastic values."

The admirable science of domestic economy is practiced by many a housewife in this city who feeds her family well on a few dollars a week. The same science is intelligently taught in some of our schools. It is astonishing how well one may dine in certain very humble households where a sirloin steak is never seen, says the New York Mail. As a people, we need to learn the art that every German, French and Bohemian housewife practices by inheritance and instinct. If we will not learn it in any other way, it may be a good thing for our careless nation to be compelled to learn it by hard necessity.

Many of the fires which occur at this period of the year could all be avoided by the use of a little care and forethought. But in the matter of fire and poisons the general public act with a childlike trust in Providence, which approaches the fatalism of the Orientals, who believe that only what fate has preordained will happen.

A census of buffaloes gives the number now in North America at 2,453, or 616 more than last year. If anyone wishes to enlarge that number it is easy to raise them. But for our taste, 2,452 is plenty.

A druggist at Frankfort-on-Main has been convicted of murder by the employment of bacilli, which the cabalists designate as weapons. There is no doubt as to their being concealed weapons.

Tenpins are recommended for girls who desire to have nicely rounded arms. But won't the broom afford about the same kind of exercise?

The western bride who captured a bandit while on her honeymoon probably had more fun than those who go to see Niagara Falls.

"Kickers" are active all time. According to newspapers fifty years ago, people complained of coal selling for \$12 and \$13 a ton.

Young Fred Bamford had a rich mother. She became a widow when he was ten years old.

As an only child, he was made a pet of the same as a poodle dog. Freddie was given his way about everything, indulged in every whim, and was taught to believe that money made up for every deficiency in human nature.

He had tutors and slapped their faces and they left.

He was sent to a boys' school and ran away and came back to his tearful mother.

He was coaxed and bribed to go to college. After six weeks he found the lessons too hard, and by advice of a fashionable doctor, who charged \$200 for the advice, his poor brain was relieved of overwork.

At sixteen Freddie was a member of four clubs. He could play whist, and bridge, and golf, and polo, and other games. He could swear. He could smoke 40 cigarettes a day, each one with his monogram on it. As to his education, Captain Briggs, who was a member of one of the clubs, had a slight curiosity, and he turned to him one day and asked:

"Freddie, which is it that revolves around the earth—the sun or the moon?"

"What's the catch, captain?" was asked in reply.

"There is no catch."

"Well, I never heard the question asked before, and must answer that I am not posted."

The captain did not have a contempt for him. He realized that any deficiency was not the young man's fault. Later on, Fred himself asked his mother the question, and her reply was:

"What do you want such a silly thing to worry you for? You have money and position, and you needn't care what revolves around the earth. I don't think Captain Briggs for his officiousness."

At twenty-one Freddie Bamford was fast. He had four or five autos. He had bachelor quarters. He gave wine suppers. He sent orchids to chorus girls. He bet on the races. He was a patron of gambling houses. He was arrested for fast driving. He lost ten thousand dollars at Monte Carlo. A dozen different mammas told he would make a good husband. Their daughters had no criticisms to make. Captain Briggs had never again asked him a question in astronomy. Then came a question from his mother:

"Freddie, dear," she said, "are you thinking of marriage?"

"No, mother."

"But you should be. In a year or two more you should set up a house of your own. You are considered a most eligible parti. Most any young lady would feel herself highly honored by a proposal from you."

"Did you know that your Aunt Haskell had removed here from Chicago?"

"Never kept any track of the old lady."

"She has come here to reside. Do you know how much money she has?"

"Haven't a look-in."

"Thirty million dollars?"

"But don't ask me to marry it."

"I'm not going to. A year ago she adopted Estelle Holbrook, as hand-some a girl as you ever saw."

"She'd have to be a clipper to beat some of them in the chorus."

"She's a society favorite and bound to be a society favorite at once. Aunt Haskell has let it be known that she will leave Estelle all her great fortune."

"By George!"

"I thought you'd see it."

"Thirty million on top of what I have—when?"

"Go and call there this afternoon. I was at the house yesterday and told them to expect you soon. Don't let some one else beat the prize away from you."

When Fred Bamford had made his call and departed Aunt Haskell asked the girl what she thought of him.

"He'd have to be made over to suit me," was the reply.

When the mother asked Fred what he thought of the girl he replied:

"She's a daisy. I shall win her in a month."

In the course of a fortnight he repeated his call, and it was then that he got a few unexpected jolts and fars. With the greatest confidence and conceit he began to approach the subject at first sight, but was brought up with:

"We will take another subject, please."

"But I have fallen in love."

"Then fall out again! You are an utter stranger to me, and such talk is insulting."

Fred Bamford really thought he was in love. At his third call he reiterated his sentiment, and Miss Estelle said:

"It is gigantic egotism on your part to think that you even interest me!"

"But—but I don't understand."

Seeing Ourselves as Babies.

"By aid of the telescope you can get to the stars actually in less than no time, because you can see things that are happening not today, but many years ago," said Professor H. H. Turner, Savilian professor of astronomy in the University of Oxford in one of the series of lectures on "A Voyage in Space." "If you could go into one of the nearest stars immediately and take a sufficiently powerful telescope you would be able to see yourselves as babies going out for the first time, and if you went to the more distant stars you might even see your grandmothers going out for the first time as babies."

Why He Dislikes the Cow.

Frankly, I do not like the cow, and have never taken the trouble to make her acquaintance. I do not like her unremittent regularity, such as being milked twice a day and having her feed bills paid. I could not be patient under her glaring irregularities, such as breaking out of the pasture and meandering off into the next township, and it seems to me that if I had

"Who are you, sir? The son of a rich mother. You have been mixed up with scandal after scandal. You have thrown away thousands and thousands of dollars, while you have not yet earned one. Your standard of womanhood is got from the chorus. You have almost ruined yourself physically by the fast pace."

She waited for him to protest, but he was too surprised, and she continued:

"Have you any dignity? Any ambition? Have you the respect of the solid men of your clubs? Have you, up to this time, given the world one single idea to benefit it? Are you helping in science, business, morality, or charity?"

"Why, I am doing as other young men with money do," protested Mr. Bamford.

"As some other young men with money do," corrected the girl. "It wasn't for those who have common sense and business ability with their wealth this country would be a laughing stock of the rest of the world. Don't demean by talking of love at first sight."

Fred Bamford went away in a huff and also astounded. He had flattered himself that he stood at the head and was a leader. No one had ever found a flaw nor made a criticism. His ego had been encouraged until he compared himself with men who had done things.

For the first time in his life Fred refused his mother's condolences. He wanted to do some thinking, and when he had done so he was honest enough to say to himself:

"She rubbed it in like blazes, but she was honest about it. Maybe I have been and am making a fool of myself."

The change that began in him held out hopes, though it worried his mother. Because he wasn't fixed for fast driving during the next fortnight—because the newspapers didn't state that he had been thrown out of some restaurant—because no one whispered to her that a certain chorus girl was to sue him for breach of promise, she wanted an eminent physician summoned to feel his head and sound his lungs and toy with his heart.

"Do you know that you have changed terribly in the last few days?" she exclaimed when he refused to be pawed over by a doctor.

"I hope it will keep up!" was the answer he made.

Quickly enough, Fred Bamford found himself actually in love with the only girl that had dared to criticize him to his face. Day by day, as he thought things over, there was a change that more than his anxious mother saw and spoke about. At the club, when some one asked Captain Briggs what he thought of the boy, he replied:

"Nothing that will carry him to the grave. He's doing a think by himself, and I hope nobody will disturb him."

"Fred's mother worried over the case until it drove her to say to Aunt Haskell:

"Something inclines me to believe that Fred must have proposed for Estelle's hand and been rejected."

"Something inclines me to think the same thing!" was the reply.

"But the idea of her rejecting him!" Fred called at intervals, but he was no longer the Fred of the first call. He did not talk of love, but sought to find out the girl's standard.

"I am old-fashioned enough to believe that men, young and old, should respect morality," she said. A spendthrift is worse than a fool. A man who is not respected by other men will not be respected by women. When a young man is lucky enough to discover that he has more money than brains he should make an effort to equalize things. Brains and money are given a man that he should take a high place among men. That is all, Mr. Bamford. Must you go? Well, good afternoon!"

Can the leopard change his spots? He can't, but now and then human character can change itself all over, if the incentive is strong enough, and there is no incentive as strong as love. After a long, long time Captain Briggs sat in his club and said to a friend:

"Ever see such a change as there has been in young Bamford?"

"Seems to have been made all over again," was the reply.

"Wonder what did it?"

"He fell in love with a girl who has old-fashioned notions."

"But not here in the city?"

"For a miracle—yes."

"And—and—"

"Oh, the news of the engagement is out. He's investing his money in business, and will be among the big ones some day."

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Unappreciative Travelers.

The priceless privilege of European travel, once secured, is often undervalued by Americans. Lippincott's tells of two Americans girls talking together in Paris: "What shall we do this afternoon?" "Let's go to the Louvre."

"Oh, no; I've been there already, and it's not the sort of place you care to go to more than once." The Magasin de Louvre would doubtless have been better appreciated by this young woman.

to go after her I should take along a shotgun. The cow has never appealed to me, either as a business proposition or a character; I am afraid of her husband, and her children interest me chiefly as veal.

This is just a statement of my own feelings in the matter, of course, and I seek no quarrel with the thousands of able men who can love and manage her. At one time I liked horses no better. But in the country a horse quickly became a necessity, and thus I formed an intimate acquaintance with one, and got to see the interesting traits of others, so that today I maintain friendships with many horses, both in the country and in town. Yet I should not like to pay the winter board bills.—Country Gentleman.

The Arithmetic of It.

The pupils in a school were asked to give in writing the difference between a biped and a quadruped. One boy gave the following: "A biped has two legs, therefore the difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take. Adv.

The wise man is thankful for what he has, and for a lot of things he hasn't.

STOMACH MISERY
GAS, INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" fixes sick, sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eruptions of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, or foul breath.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless.

Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis, or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest relief known. Adv.

Record of Profits.

He (puzzling over wife's check book)—Why, my dear, I can't make head or tail out of these stubs. They foot up more than you ever had in bank.

She—Oh, that's all right, dear! I just used the stubs to keep tab on what the things were before they were marked down, so as to show how much I made; don't you see?—Puck.

Eruption on Ankle Burned

Kingsville, Mo.—"My trouble began eighteen years ago. Nearly half of the time there were running sores around my ankle; sometimes it would be two years at a time before they were healed. There were many nights I did not sleep because of the great suffering. The sores were deep running ones and so sore that I could not bear for anything to touch them. They would burn all the time and sting like a lot of bees were confined around my ankle. I could not bear to scratch it. It was always so sensitive to the touch. I could not let my clothes touch it. The skin was very red. I made what I called a cap out of white felt, blotting paper and soft white cloth to hold it in shape. This I wore night and day."

"I tried many remedies for most of the eighteen years with no effect. Last summer I sent for some Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The very first time I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment I gained relief; they relieved the pain right then. It was three months from the time I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment until the sores were entirely healed. I have not been troubled since and my ankle seems perfectly well." (Signed) Mrs. Charles E. Brooke, Oct. 22, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Rebuke.

The big man with the I-know-it-all expression sneeringly watched the little man who was eating from a sack of peanuts.

"Down where I come from we use peanuts to fatten hogs," remarked the big man.

"That so?" asked the little man. "Here, have some."

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF
HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girl! Try This! Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Fluffy, Beautiful—No More Itching Scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and long, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Adv.

Fitting Style.

"For whom are you buying that coat-shape hat?"

"For a suburban girl. If she had been a city girl she would have preferred a flat."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Wm. L. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The Medium.

"Is there any way of crossing the social chasm?"

"Sure! Bridge."

Preventing Roup.

A roll of tarred paper and a few boards and nails now may save an outbreak of roup in midwinter.

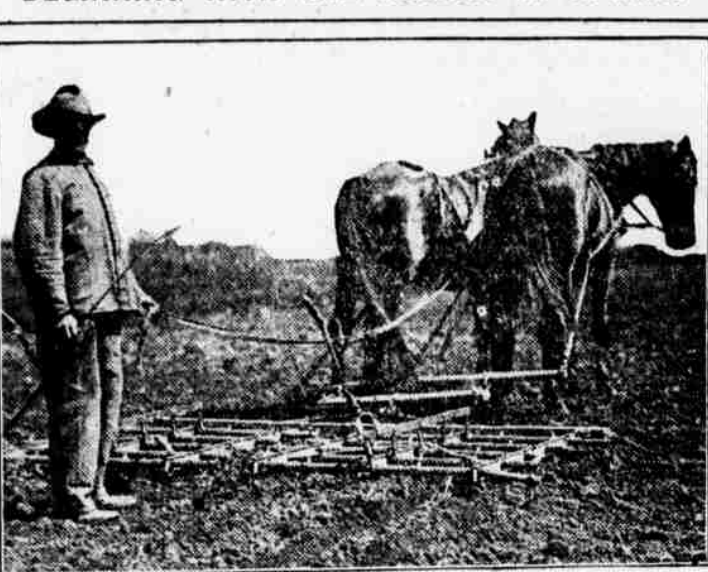
Hens Like Dark Nests.

The experience of most poultry raisers is that hens will every time take to a dark nest rather than one exposed to the light. A hen will seek the bottom of a manger, digging her way down through the hay, rather than use a ready-made nest in plain sight.

Sheep Need Shelter.

Do not think because a sheep has a heavy coat of wool he will be able to endure cold rains and sleep without a warm shelter.

BEGINNING WITH THE HORSES IN SPRING



A Good Team of Work Horses—Work Them Carefully in the Spring Time, Until Their Muscles Get Right.

(By PROF. A. S. ALEXANDER.)

Begin to work the horses carefully in the springtime. They have been standing around until their muscles are all soft and to get right down to hard work all at once may make them sick. Feed carefully, too, for a few days. Better underfeed them than to give them too much on the start.

Some of the curry-combs and brushes used on some of the farms of this country are a sight to behold. Better throw them over the fence and get new ones. The cost is slight and you will do a great deal better job. Think how much better the horses will feel about it, too.

Harness is high this spring, as well as all other kinds of leather goods, yet it is better to buy new than to run the risk of a runaway. If you really think you cannot afford a new one, take the harness to some good man and have every weak piece made good. That will tide you over until you can do better.

Halter-pulling is a bad trick in a horse. Often it is brought on by careless usage in the stall. Never do anything that would frighten a horse in his stall. Look to it that no one else does either.

Half the bad habits of horses may be laid at the door of the men who handle them. I have seen a mare cured of pulling at the halter just by a change of the master. Kindness always brings the best kind of returns with all animals.

When a horse gets to gnawing at a manger the best thing to do is to cover everything gnawable with tin. Better do it before the habit is formed, however.

The first symptom of kicking should lead us to dispose of the animal that does it? Life is precious. Never risk it with a horse that kicks.

See to it that every strap and buckle is in place before leaving the barn.

The horse that can walk fast, whether he be a saddle, driving or a draft horse, always commands a better price than the one equally good in other respects, but a slow walker.

In training a horse to walk fast is not injured in the least for any other gait and can be taught to trot and gallop just as well as before.

RIGHT CONDITION
BEFORE LAMBING

Important That Breeding Ewes Be Put Under Careful Surveillance Few Weeks.

Both before and after lambing is an anxious time for the sheep raiser as he stands to lose considerable or to lose a great deal. The next month or two are important ones.

Much is written about the treatment of ewes after lambing and too little is said about giving them extra care beforehand.

If the ewes are thin and weak the lambs always make a bad start, but if the milk is deficient both in quantity and quality, they are badly nourished. If only one is to be raised it may succeed better than twins, but even a single lamb will have a hard time of it if the ewe is poor.

I know there is danger in having some kinds of stock too fat at the time of producing their young, but very few ewes suffer from that. Indeed, the danger is that they may be too thin, and especially is this true if the winter has been unusually severe.

It is most undesirable to have the strength of the ewe impaired at lambing time, as strength is needed to last the successfully and condition is wanted to provide amply for the lambs. For this reason it would be well to put the breeding ewes under careful surveillance for a few weeks before lambing.

A heavy coat of wool may give them a fat appearance, but if the bones are prominent it is not a good sign. Extra care and superior food laid in necessary if one would be quite sure the ewes are in proper condition.

It is much cheaper and more satisfactory to do this than to make great efforts to improve them afterwards.

DETERMINING AGE
OF YOUNG CATTLE

Time of Appearance of Incisors Varies Within Narrow Limits—Molars Don't Count.

(By G. E. MORTON, Colorado Agricultural College.)

The calf when born has two pairs of incisors, the other two pairs appear during the first month. When a calf is eighteen months old it loses the middle pair of milk incisors, and grows a permanent pair. The next pair, one on each side, is replaced at twenty-seven months of age, the third pair at thirty-six months, the fourth or outside pair at forty-five months. The time of appearance of these incisors varies within rather narrow limits, so that we are able to tell the age of young cattle fairly accurately.

The calf also has a temporary set of molars, which are later replaced with permanent ones, but they are not considered in estimating the age of the animal.

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Jobs Around the Farm in Winter